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support a frigate; and \$290,000 to support a ship of the line. The army of the United States, of less than 12,000 men, cost last year four millions of dollars. The Florida war on a few unfortunate Indians cost from 30 to 50 millions of dollars. The conquest and occupation of Algiers for twelve years by the French, have cost that nation *one hundred and twenty millions of dollars*, and *twenty thousand lives*. The late Exploring Expedition, sent out by our own government, cost more than the whole mission to the Sandwich Islands."

THE PERIODICAL PRESS THROUGH THE WORLD.—According to M. Balbi, the distinguished French biographer, in the "Annales des Travaux," Europe, with a population of 227,000,000, has 2,100 periodical publications; while America, with 49,000,000 of people, has no less than 2,200. The whole world, with 900,000,000 inhabitants, is ascertained to have 4,500 newspapers and journals distributed in the following nations:

In India, one paper to.....	15,000,000	In America, one paper to.....	20,000
In Africa, " " " " " " " "	6,000,000	In the United States " " " "	10,000
In Europe, " " " " " " " "	106,000		

This table suggests some peculiar advantages enjoyed by us as pioneers in reform. Such a work generally depends on the mass of the people; and here, with a periodical for every ten thousand of their number, they are more easily and effectually reached by the press than the population of any other country on the globe. Here, if any where, may we expect reforms to start, and advance with easy and rapid success. There are still more reasons why the cause of peace should gain an ascendancy here sooner than in any other part of the earth; and its friends here ought to lead the van of efforts in its behalf through the world.

ITEMS FROM EXPERIENCE.

THE CONSISTENCY OF EULOGIES ON WARRIORS.—"Every one," says our Secretary in his late tour into N. Y., "is familiar with the naval battle near Plattsburgh. The commander of the British squadron had caused a huge broom to be born in full view from his own ship, in token of his determination to sweep the lake; and in the same spirit, he persisted in a reckless exposure of his person, and cursed the Yankees as beneath his fears. The temerity and the insult cost him his life. A marksman in our fleet shot him dead with a ball through his heart.

Now, mark the sequel. That commander was buried, with American officers on each side, in the village grave-yard; and on visiting the spot, I found that a sister-in-law had erected over his remains a marble monument, telling us how gloriously he fell in his country's service! Yet, if *we* were right in that war, he was only a wholesale murderer; and, even if *we* were wrong, I doubt whether this could have excused him. We lauded *our* men; the British eulogized *theirs*; whereas the glory of one side necessarily assumed the infamy of the other!"

THE GRAVE OF COMMON SOLDIERS.—"We hear a great deal, in eloquence and poetry, about 'the soldier's grave;' but when in Plattsburgh, I learned what sort of a burial the mass of soldiers receive. Most of the seamen, who were not thrown during the battle into the lake, were buried, both British and American, on a small island in large holes now so covered with bushes, that one cannot find the spots without a guide. The poor soldiers fared still worse; for they were in some cases so slightly covered, that their arms and feet stuck out of the ground, and the hogs rooted them up, and the dogs gnawed their bones. A man, riding in his carriage, heard a rattling noise behind him, and, on turning round, saw his dog at work upon a soldier's skull, with a bullet in it, which rattled as he shook it.

Here is the soldier's end. Talk as much as we please about his glory, it does in fact end in this alone; a burial in the same style with that of a dead ox! Now and then an officer is honored after his death, *for what the soldiers under him did*; but they, poor fellows, are shovelled, without a tear

or a sigh, with no record or remembrance, into a common grave for hogs to root, and crows to pick, and dogs to gnaw."

EFFECT OF WAR ON THE MORALS OF SOLDIERS.—"I fancy there is a kind of fatality about the influence of war upon its own agents. It seems, if I may rely on the testimony of its witnesses and sufferers, to operate upon them all as a species of moral jaundice in obscuring or distorting their perceptions of right and wrong.

A multitude of such instances have come to my knowledge. When in the capitol of Vermont, I was told that arms and ammunition, public property, were stolen from that county for the 'patriot war' in Canada; and every one remembers how the abettors of that war all along our northern frontier, and of the more recent war-movements in Rhode Island, seized whatever they wanted for their work of blood. War is a signal for the commission of every crime, and seems to let loose the furies of guilt, to rage and revel without restraint. It has no name for theft, or robbery, or murder; such deeds it calls valor, virtue, glory!

A judge in Vermont, told me that, in our last war, he had the command of a company from his own town for a short time. It comprised, as he thought, no small part of the moral worth of the place; but they had been only two or three days from home, before they began freely to indulge in deeds of theft and shame, at the thought of which they would have blushed at home, nor deemed themselves capable of such degradation!

'I know,' said a deacon to me once, 'more about war than you do or can.'—Very like; but how so?—'Why, I have been in it.'—When?—'In our last war I was drafted, and sent down upon the coast.'—How long?—'Not long, but long enough to learn more of war than I could otherwise have believed. I did not fall a victim myself, but others did, and I was saved only by the skin of my teeth. My mother, as I left home, told me not to drink, and all would be well. I heeded her; and that alone saved me; but I saw what a dreadful influence the service has upon soldiers.'

'You cannot conceive its bad influence,' said a Presbyterian elder to me once. 'In our last war, I took command of a company from A. It was a picked band, all younger men, the flower of the city. We were out only three months; but, though in no engagement, only on camp duty, they were half spoiled. Had we continued six months, I believe they would nearly all have been ruined.'

Such is war without its battles, its sieges, or its sack of cities. Even its bloodless services are generally fatal to the morals of its agents. It is in truth the devil's business; and no wonder that it so frequently transforms its best servants into monsters."

THE SOLDIER'S WORK AN OUTRAGE UPON HIS NATURE.—"When near Plattsburgh, I learned," says our Secretary, "a curious illustration of the violence which the soldier must, in his work of human butchery, do to his best feelings. At what is now called Beekmantown Four Corners, some four or five miles north of Plattsburgh, began the skirmishes between parties of the British and American troops before the battle of Lake Champlain. The fiercest conflict was hard by my uncle's house; and his wife told me that pecks of bullets were afterwards found on the spot. The soldiers, reluctant to shoot down men who might be their own relatives, bit off the balls from their cartridges, and loaded their guns only with powder!

Another instance was one of acute agony. A British soldier, either left in my uncle's house, or subsequently escaped from the army in its sudden retreat, walked the room in great anguish; and, when asked the reason, he said he did not know but he had been fighting against his own father and brothers!

Nor is either of these cases peculiar; for war is always a monstrous outrage upon human nature. Every man is my brother, a child of our common Father in heaven; every war sets these brethren to butchering one another; and all soldiers, if not brutalized by it, would feel like the poor conscience-smitten fellow who paced my uncle's room in such agony."